

Oneshot: Time And Time Again

by colouredred

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Summary: When all things have faded and there is no colour, no life and no love left, what then? It begins again, of course. Saito Hajime/OC

Oneshot: Time And Time Again

Short little thing for an animated character who shouldn't be as sexy as he is.

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><p>- Time And Time Again -<p>

Feet padded against a wooden floor, swift and hurried.

She had called for him.

And he would come.

She had so little time left, with every second serving only to bring death closer. He dreaded it, dreaded either of them leaving.

He would admit it to no one but himself, but he was terrified. _He_; Saito Hajime.

"Yuri." He nearly gasped, sliding open the door.

Like before, she lay on ground. Her skin was pale, betraying her sickness, and her dark hair pooling around her face. She was young. Too young, if she were to die at just nineteen.

"Saito." Yuri replied, her voice defiantly strong.

He entered, closing the door so the two were secluded to each other's company. "How are you feeling?"

Hajime did his best to keep the tremble out of his voice. His emotions now hinged on her reply. He wanted to her snap at him, to retort with some sarcastic comment, because then he might believe it was to be okay.

"Tired." Yuri said instead. "And come closer. I don't think now is the time to start acting shy around me."

Hajime's eyes flashed at her accusation, yet he obeyed nonetheless. Of course he would.

He made it as far as kneeling beside her shoulders, waiting for her to continue. There was no longer anything left for him to say. Yuri knew his darkest secrets and most foolish hopes. She was privy to every feeling he suffered when he saw her like this.

Yuri began to sit up, struggling through her evident pain.

"You need to relax and sleep." Hajime warned, moving to grip her shoulders.

His eyes caught on hers, a deep blue to contrast her clear gray. And he could see it â€" a calm acceptance. It had been there for a long time now, and he had just refused to see it.

Her skin was warm.

But that too was fading.

"I'm far past that, Saito." Yuri sighed. "What I need now is for you to realise that too."

Defying her own weakness, Yuri sat and pulled herself sideways, so that he leant against Hajime and he held her delicately. He could see how close she was.

Teetering on the edge.

"Let's stay like this. Just for a moment longer." Yuri said.

Her words were a web to ensnare him, to hide him from the truth. There were no more moments left.

But he fell for it, willingly and oh so easily. "Of course."

* * *

><p>It was an unlikely setting to find herself; reality.<p>

But that was, perhaps, just the aftereffects of such a strange dream. At what point would Yuri have ever been in feudal Japan?

And with such a man like that purple-haired one.

Yuri laughed, loudly, and rose off her bed. She could just imagine the man dwarfed by a crowd of busy-bodies. It was rather comical, to imagine a man as stoic as him, looking like a little lost puppy.

"Oh, god I need to stop day dreaming!" she berated herself.

Yuri glanced around the room, and then spotted the clock.

9:43.

"_Shit!"_ she cried. "_I'm gonna be late! I'm gonna be late and he's going to kill me! And I need my coffee- I'll be damned to hell if I don't get that coffee!"_

And, as one could only deduce from Yuri's reaction, she really was going to be late.

Her meeting with her publisher was meant to be in seventeen minutes. And how long would it take her to get there â€" coffee time allowed?

About twenty-five minutes.

Yuri was jumping around her room, tearing through her wardrobe in hopes of finding something even marginally suitable and professional. Within ten seconds, she'd settled on faded jeans, a cropped shirt and pulled on the first shoes she found closest to her.

9:46.

There was no time for breakfast â€" nor to do much else â€" and Yuri was hurrying out the door, grabbing a dark blue coat and her phone on the way out. Or at least, she hoped it was her phone; there wasn't enough time to check.

Her boots hit the stairs with a loud thud, and it remained a miracle Yuri didn't trip down to the bottom floor of the apartment complex from her haste. By the time she was outside, her coat had been pulled on.

"Shitshitshit!" she muttered angrily into the cold air.

Her face was growing pinker by the second, and her eyes already watered from the winter chill. No wonder she hadn't wanted to leave her bed that morning. The cold could make even the fittest person sleepy.

"Okayâ€|" Yuri murmured in consolation.

Her fingers fumbled for her keys, searching for a jingle of reassurance that they were indeed with her at that moment. They were.

Yuri's phone light up with life. The time was _9:53._

It was _9:53_, January 21st, 2012, when the most unexpected thing happen. Someone ran into her.

And not with car, or a bike, but most literally. A person ran into her.

"Watch it!" she snarled without thinking.

A wrong move, as it only provoked a retort back. "What about watching out yourself."

Wait.

Yuri would have sat up, but for the body laying on top of her.

Violet eyes glared down at her, framed by a messy crop of dark indigo hair.

It was him. From her dream.

"I must be high or something." Yuri wondered breathlessly, dazed from her fall.

"You don't look like it." The man answered, appearing aloof despite their proximity.

Noticing this, Yuri took the appropriate course of action and barked, "Get off me."

"Sorry." The man apologised, without sounding sorry at all. At least he helped Yuri up.

"I haven't seen you here before," Yuri asked, forgetting her lateness in light of the familiar stranger, "are you new?"

"I moved here two days ago. Apartment six." He replied shortly.

"Great." And this time, Yuri was forced to pull her lips into a strained smile. She lived in apartment twelve. "Well, I'm Yuri Shizu, and I guess we're almost neighbours."

She received a cold stare in return, which then flickered downwards.

Yuri sure wasn't expecting a courteous gesture from this man, and so started when noting an extended hand.

She shook it, and he said, "I'm Saito Hajime. Next time let's not run into each other."

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><p>It's up to you to decide what their relationship was and will be. This was a spur-of-the-moment type story (thus the shortness) and inspired by my slight fascination with the idea of reincarnation.

Send me your thoughts on this.

End
file.